

PS 3513

.U77 A7

1904

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00002956226





C379
380

ARCADES AMBO

Arcades Ambo

By

Richard Mott Gummere

Charles Wharton Stork



Philadelphia :

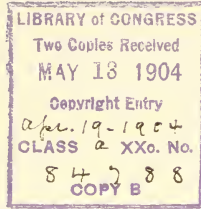
H. W. Fisher & Co.

1904.

PS 3513

U-17 A7

1904



Copyright, 1904 by
RICHARD MOTT GUMMERE
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

200 copies privately printed.

No.

*To our friends
who read us and our readers
who we hope will be our friends.*

CONTENTS

Defence of (Our) Poetry,	3
In Her Presence,	4
Danaë and Perseus,	5
The Eagle,	6
Horace,	7
Poscimur,	9
Persicos Odi,	11
To Calvus, On the Death of His Wife,	12
The Matterhorn,	13
Skating,	14
Sparta,	16
Tyranny,	18
A Rhapsody,	19
Plautus,	20
The Greek Lyric Poets,	21
A Letter	22
Up to Date,	23
The Mermaid's Call,	24
Epistle to Nicotina,	25
Nocturne,	27
To Keats,	28
Herrick,	29
A Song of the South,	31

A Buffet from Fortune,	33
My Colleen Bawn,	36
The Query,	38
School Days,	39
The Spirit of Summer,	41
The Heart of Nature,	42
The Enchantress,	45
The Bachelor's Song,	47
Triolets,	48
The Forest Maiden,	49
Epigrams,	50

PREFACE.

A RCADES AMBO, Arcadians both. Not poets both ; for though all poets be Arcadians, all Arcadians are not necessarily poets. But as in the time of Theocritus many a shepherd unknown to fame may have sung to his fellow herdsmen strains not unmusical, so we, in our Arcadia of college life, have composed snatches of verse which we trust will be of interest to those who know us. Stevenson commends the courage of the man who is not afraid to make a fool of himself, so the poorer our poetry the greater our courage in printing it. If you who read this, our initial volume, discover in it any spark of wit, any ripple of music, or any true echo of the "happier age of gold," pray give us credit for having done more than we promised.

We take pleasure in acknowledging our debt to the *Harvard Advocate* and to the *Haverfordian*, of Haverford College, in which several of the following poems were first published.

R. M. G.,
C. W. S.

DEFENCE OF (OUR) POETRY.

THIS book of unpretentious verse
With trembling awe we bring to light,
Both mindful, fearful, of the curse
That hangs o'er rhymes all bards indite.
For many think the luckless poet,
Though feeling prompt him, should not show it.

We've sat together by the fire
When logs sent crackling sparks on high,
And read the books we both admire
Till jocund day made white the sky.
Thus, reader, thoughts of famous writers,
Made us two would-be laurel biters.

From this, you see, our little book
Takes shape, and spreads his paper wings
To fly and give his friends a look
At his imperfect flutterings.
So if you like his leaf-wings, turn them,
And if you don't—we bid you burn them.

IN HER PRESENCE.

(*Sappho II.*)

I COUNT him happy as a god,
Who sits beside your feet, love,
Who listens to your rippling laugh,
Your voice so low and sweet, love.

For me, when I am in your sight,
A mist comes o'er my eyes, love ;
My heart throbs high, I can not see
For fear and glad surprise, love.

My tongue is tied, a subtile fire
Consumes me from within, love.
A roaring fills my ears until
I'm giddy with the din, love.

I tremble now through every limb
With longing fond yet sad, love.
I wither in your burning gaze ;
Your beauty drives me mad, love.

DANAË AND PERSEUS.

(*Simonides XXXVII.*)

THE winds were raging in angry fray,
And the fierce waves beat on the carven chest
Where Danaë's cheeks were wet with the spray,
And the salt drops fell on the babe at her breast.

“ My child,” she said, “ whom I clasp so warm,
Thou dost not heed the lashing storm ;
But sleep'st serene in thy tossing bed,
While the hungry waves curl over thy head.
How gently thou breathest, thou dreamest how
free,
Wrapped in thy robes of royalty.”

“ Oh, that thou couldst our danger know,
That the roar of the waters might come to
thine ear!
Then thou wouldst share in thy mother's woe.
But no, my words thou dost not hear.”

“ Sleep on, my child, and sleep, my care.
Oh, Jove, reverse thy stern decree,
For I have made an impious prayer.
Almighty Father, pardon me.”

THE EAGLE.

(*Bacchylides II, 16-30.*)

THE mighty eagle cleaves the upper air,
Swift soaring to the clouds on tawny wing,
The trusted messenger with strength endowed,
To do the will of heaven's thunderous king.

The songbirds cower beneath him in the vale,
For not the highest crest of mountains steep
Can stay his flight, nor yet the broad expanse
Of tireless waves that foam upon the deep.

Through the sheer void he holds his steady course,
Poised with soft-feathered pinions wide outspread,
While men below gaze up in wonderment,
At this conspicuous portent overhead.

HORACE.

WHEN your mind, my friend, is struggling
On the literary rack,
When your thoughts are fairly dancing,
And your brain is fit to crack;
Court the old Horatian wisdom,
Never can its precepts fail ;
Its felicity will steer you
Through the perils of the gale.

When you're working like a beaver,
Cutting ice and sawing wood;
When your mind is tired of figures,
And your stomach tired of food,
Go, meander to your book-case,
Where the good old poet lies;
Renovate the joys of College,
Read the words that make you wise.

When your married cares annoy you
And you're rather down on life,
Leave the squabbings of your children
And the lectures of your wife;
Fill your pipe with soothing mixture
And your room with soothing smoke,
Turn again to happy Horace,
Then you'll surely cease to croak!

POSCIMUR.

Horace Odes, I, 32.

THEY ask a song. What shall it be?
If aught in times of fancy free
We've sung in halting feet,
My lyre, may all-destroying time
Yet save the freshness of thy rhyme
In Latin numbers sweet.

The Lesbian first who touched thy chords,
And formed thy music to his words
Amid the clash of arms,
Or when he moored his bark sea-toss'd
Beside the plashing Grecian coast,
Gave name to all the charms

Of Bacchus with his teeming vine,
The boon companion of the Nine ;
Or Venus, and the boy
Who haunts for aye the goddess' side;
And Lycus in his dark-eyed pride
And hair, the maid's decoy.

O joy of Phœbus, loved of Jove,
A shell oft struck in feasts above,
Divine and human trust!
Thou sweet relaxer of my care,
Give kindly ear to heed my prayer
Whene'er my call is just!

PERSICOS ODI.

Horace Odes, I, 38.

ALL your costly frippery cloy's my senses ;
Nosegays of the prettiest are displeasing ;
Cease to seek when the latest rose of summer
Blooms, all forgotten.

Myrtle and simplicity, nothing added,
Cannot harm our taste or disgrace our dwelling,
While I sip my cup and you stand to serve me
Under my fig tree.

TO CALVUS
ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

(*Catullus, XCVI.*)

CALVUS, if there is aught our grief can do
To please the silent ashes of the dead,
Whereby our former love we may renew

Or weep the friendships that long since have fled,
Quintilia's pain in death shall never be
As great as living was her joy in thee.

THE MATTERHORN.

THE avalanches flee before his frown,
He rules the clouds and tempest with his nod.
Headlong he hurls the pygmy climbers down,
And rears his titan head to mock at God.

SKATING.

WITH a dash
And a slide
Off we glide
O'er the ice through a flurry of snow.
Just we two,
She and I,
How we fly
With a rhythmical rush as we go!

Now we sway
Now we swing,
While the ring
Of our skates gives a musical note.
And the flakes
As they swirl,
As they whirl,
To her raven black hair gently float.

There they gleam
 With a light
 Soft and bright
In the night of those glorious tresses,
 While her cheeks
 Deeply glow
 Where the snow
Dares to touch them with chilly caresses.

You that prate
 Of the spring
 Have your fling;
But I'll tell you old Winter's no churl.
 For 'tis then you may race
 With the wind in your face,
Hand in hand with a laughing girl.

SPARTA.

“**S**PARTAN lads, with hero-faces,
Lips that shout a scornful song,
Wherefore stand ye, like to minions,
While the priestess plies the thong?
Yours is not a nature passive;
Yours it is the sword to wield;
Yours to conquer all in battle,
Or to lie upon the shield.”

“We the sons of Spartan fathers,
Bow to our ancestral laws,
Chastened by the maiden-goddess
For a never-dying cause.
This our blood which floods the altar
To our native land we give;
This, the silence of our torture,
Speaks the faith by which we live.

“ When Leonidas the valiant
Held the Persian ranks at bay,
Swearing, by the gods we honor,
Not to cast his arms away ;
Every drop of blood that trickled
Down upon Thessalian sand
Spelled the discipline of Sparta
And the valor of his band.”

“ Spartan lads, my words of wonder
You have quickly put to shame ;
Now I hear the ring of battle
In the glory of your name.
Lacedaimon, may your children,
While they draw their earthly breath,
Seek the freedom of their country
Though their glory spring from death.”

TYRANNY.

ALL earthly monarchies I hate
Where tyrants wreak their will ;
Their only thought to wreck the State
And thrive by doing ill.

The monarchy which rules my breast
And makes my soul to rise
Is that which springs from Love's behest—
The sunshine of your eyes.

To me your tyranny is dear
And shall forever be ;
You are my day, my month, my year,
My sweet eternity.

A RHAPSODY.

THE boisterous waves are hushed to hear
Thy voice more soft than sleep.
The stars, that rise to greet thine eyes,
A spell-bound vigil keep.
The breeze, that stirs the charmed air.
Sighs to the night that thou art fair.

The full moon soars above the clouds
And gazes on the sea
With golden rays a path she lays,
A road of state for thee.
Ah! sweet, if nature loves thee so,
Think with what fire my heart must glow.

PLAUTUS.

PLAUTUS, broad of wit and foot,
Bald of head and humor!
Every single line you wrote
Gave you food for two more.

Grinding in your little mill
For your slender wages:
Sturdy lad, with iron will
Rampant on your pages,

Thanks! You drive away our care
Every time we read you.
Are you held for Charon's fare?
Here's the cash. God speed you!

THE GREEK LYRIC POETS.

ECHOES from lands hallowed by goddess-feet,
Where grain is taught to spring beside the rock,
Where grapes cling fondly to the parent stalk
And ripen on the hill-sides in the heat!
The cattle seek the spring, the hind his seat
Upon the base of yonder olive-stock.
The shepherds make Æolian flutes unlock
Their music to the dancing of the wheat.
Ye happy islands! Would that your content,
Sung in the strain of many a Grecian bard,
Might soften with its carelessness the heart
Of man, that ripens only to ferment,
And touch the soul that, daily growing hard,
Slays Nature by a yearning after Art.

A LETTER.

IT'S a bit o' me heart I'm sendin' to you,
Me darrlin' over the sea.
And many's the time I would follow it, too,
If me wish would come thrue to me.

A scrap of a letther—och! how can it tell
The love that no tongue can impart?
But rade it again, dear, and search it well,
For it brings you a bit o' me heart,
Mavourneen!
It brings you a bit o' me heart.

UP TO DATE.

POETS of old their loves would praise
In classic trope and metaphor ;
But in these bustling modern days
Such things we're fitted better for.

Aurelia, I will not compare
Your beauty to a rose or lily,
But I'll maintain you are as rare
As anthracite when times are chilly.

You're truer than the Steel Combine,
Sweet as Amalgamated Sugar,
Proud as the New York Central Line,
Bright as the diamond mines of Kruger.

Your virtues through the World I'd sound,
Could I control that mighty organ.
Or, if such laud too small be found,
I'll swear my love is great as Morgan.

THE MERMAID'S CALL.

DOWN, far down where the ground-swells
dash

And the flickering sunbeams fade,
Down to the caves where white arms flash
Through the dim of the purple shade—
Where cold breasts gleam, and loose locks stream,
And languorous eyes glow misty bright,
While all day long the far, faint song
Of siren voices floats liltingly light,—

'Tis there, 'tis there that I fain would be,
Deep hid from the dusty strife
That clashes on incessantly
In the glare of this parching life.
Away let me fly from this desert sky;
Away, afar, alone and free!
To dance o'er the sand with a mermaid band
On the shell-strewn floor of the surging sea.

EPISTLE TO NICOTINA.

MOST honored dame, whose perfume mild
Delights your simple careless child,
Incline your ear ; this verse is styled
“ Defence of Smoking,”
And may the critics, tame and wild,
Eschew their croaking.

A frosty night, when winter's spell
Has made his mark on hill and dell,
When Founder's mournful lecture-knell
Has ceased her ringing ;
Then Nicotina weaves her spell
And sets us singing.

Our chairs we draw before the fire,
True friends, whose wit and soul inspire
One's heart, whose accents never tire,
We spin our woof,
And mortal guile and mortal ire
Stand far aloof.

Sir Walter Raleigh used to smoke,
And by its fumes Apollo spoke,
And far-famed Sherlock could evoke
His victim's swag,
Inspiring Surgeon Watson's joke
By smoking shag.

So when in politics we fight,
Or shout for shares with all our might,
Let's mark that brave December night
At dear old College,
And hold it in a higher light
Than worldly knowledge.

NOCTURNE.

I AM wandering through the moonlight
In a country dim and far,
Where the mystic cloudland vessels
Slowly sail from star to star.

'Tis no realm of far-off wonder
'Neath the gleam of pearly skies;
'Tis the mistland of your face, love,
And the dreamland of your eyes.

.

TO KEATS.

O LOVER'S poet, soul-enthraling Keats,
Singing Endymion's passion in the night
Softly as Dian sheds the mystic light
Which steeps thy ardent song ; thou know'st the
sweets
Of joy, when Porphyro his mistress greets
At the hush'd hour of midnight. Thou can'st
write
Of Isabella's basil ever bright
With silent-welling tears, while sorrow eats
The maiden's faithful heart. Thou tellest, too,
Of young Leander's death, Narcissus' fate,
And many another amorous legend more.
But deeper, stronger, sadder and more true
Than all, is thine own love disconsolate,
O tender heart, dash'd on a cruel shore !

HERRICK.

AH Robin ! Thanks for many hours of bliss,
The sweet perusals of thy honied page,
The epigram that marks the saying sage
And deftly speaks a sweetly stolen kiss.

How often, when the fire is burning bright,
Thy laurel crackles in thy witty lines;
And Julia walks in silks again, and shines,
While fops are fixed in wonder at the sight.

Corinna, sweetest slug-a-bed, is loth
To leave her couch and lead astray the morn;
Her steadfast swain implores her, all forlorn,
To shake off dreams and unbecoming sloth.

Thou seest the sprite that haunts the water-fall,
Thou seest the Hamadryad in the tree;
Thy verses ring of May-time, dances, glee,
With all the freshness of a madrigal.

When life's trite metaphors din through our ears,
And everything is out of tune and time,
Come cheer me with the fervor of thy rhyme,
Thou glad awakener of the buried years !

A SONG OF THE SOUTH.

ROSE of the southland,
Where dost thou stray?
Deep in a mossy dell
Hidden away.

Where the palmettos sigh,
Sweet amid grasses high,
There may'st thou gently lie
On thy light spray.

Bird of the southland,
Where dost thou fly?
Where the low rice fields
Glittering lie.
Back to the sultry bowers,
Rich with the spice of flowers,
To the bright summer hours
Of Arcady.

Maid of the southland,
 Fairest of all,
Soft from thy southland
 I hear the call ;
Murmur of sleeping streams,
Low from the land of dreams,
Where Fancy's misty beams
 Tenderly fall.

A BUFFET FROM FORTUNE.

I'D like to court the Muses nine,
And touch the founts of story,
To illustrate the aged saw
How Fortune, with capacious paw
Bestows an ill-earned glory.

For now on lucky me she smiles,
And now on lucky you;
Sometimes she gives a hearty grip,
Sometimes a haughty finger-tip,
Sometimes a frown or two.

From A to Z I'd crammed my brain
With knowledge and with gas;
I'd studied up, I'd studied down,
I'd chased translations through the town
And never "fussed" a lass.

My rival never touched a book
And never turned a page ;
Although he conjured every art,
Sweet maiden clutches held his heart
And fanned his noble rage.

Exams came on: Minerva frowned,
And scolded laughing Venus.
He was a fusser true and tried,
And I a bookworm soaked and dyed ;
Thus stood the case between us.

Professor smiled a quiet smile:
“ Your work, my friends, has been
Of such a character that I,
In common honesty must try
On Sophs. to vent my spleen.

“A slight formality I give—
A page of sight translation.”
The fusser cast his eyes to heaven;
The student tried his wrath to leaven,
Escaping condemnation.

And thus we see in every phase,
For sweetness masks a sting;
And when the voice of wisdom cries,
Don't heed its petty, quibbling lies;
Just do the other thing!

MY COLLEEN BAWN.

OH, it's you have the sparklin' smile, dear,
And it's you have the winnin' tongue!
Me poor heart fluttered the while, dear,
You flower o' the emerald isle, dear,
At the witchin' ould song that you sung.
And will you love me true, swateheart,
As long as day shall dawn?
Oh, me poor heart's broke in two, swatehart,
And me head is turned for you, swateheart,
Then give me a kiss
And promise me this,
To be me own colleen bawn.

Your hair is soft as the laverock's wing,
Your voice is a bubblin' stream.
Your grey eyes set me wandering
In moonlit woods where the fairies sing
Like the lilt in some vanished dream.
Then will you be me own, darlin',
Oh, never say me nay.
You shall sit on a golden throne, darlin',
All set with precious stones, darlin',
So come to me arms,
And safe from all harms
You shall rest there forever and aye.

THE QUERY.

O TARQUIN, if the boast of pride,
The pomp of war, recoiled to lay
Thy once great head beneath the clay
Where rest the many who have died ;

And if, great Cæsar, daggers, death,
And curses spelled a project fell,
While mobs howled forth a funeral knell
To glorify thy parting breath,

Why live so many reprobates
To thrive on peculated spoil—
To raise the price of Standard Oil
And make us freeze with empty grates ?

SCHOOL DAYS.

A THRONG of careless lads, whose hearts
Were full of naught but frolic;
Whose tantalizing pranks and arts
Approached the diabolic.

Those times were golden, ere Black Care
Began to mount our carriage,
Before we moaned our long-lost hair,
Before we thought of marriage.

Our masters used their utmost powers
To keep us somehow quiet;
They added to our study hours,
Subtracting from our diet.

They docked our weekly stipend, wrote
Our parents weekly letters;
But what cared we for any groat,
What cared we for our betters?

Our eloquence flared up and burned,
We stammered over Cæsar;
And when the master's back was turned,
Read "Tom, the Texas Greaser."

Those days are dead, those boys are men,
Whose minds are fixed and steady;
Whose memories bless the happy "then,"
Whose hearts are ever ready

To think of times that long have fled
With tender veneration,
And, smiling sadly, forge ahead,
An older generation.

THE SPIRIT OF SUMMER.

O H, thou art like a summer cloud
All clad in filmy white,
Or a far-off song that's borne along
The moonlit waves at night.

Thou art a dainty wild-flower
Hid in the roadside grass,
With leaves unfurled and dew empearled
To lure me as I pass.

But cloud and song and wayside flower
Express thee wistfully,
For all the warm long summer's charm
Is but a sigh for thee.

THE HEART OF NATURE.

SPIRIT of Spring ! smile on me at the time
When violets are purple ; when the prime

Of every flower that chants its Maker's praises
Is at its noblest. Even humble daisies

Sing a sweet treble to the mundane song.
Then, like old Chaucer, none shall see me long

Fret at my task. The roadside bank I seek,
Near where the ripples of the streamlet speak,

And where tall grasses hide the form from view ;
There, Spring-time joys, I would commune with
you !

The fence invites the gaze, where humbly creeps
A vine, beside the posts now slyly peeps

The primrose, early Nature's coyest child ;
There by the hedge the rose will revel wild ;
And yonder in the field, still undefiled

By contact with the baser things of life,
I see the yellow dandelion rife.

Gods of the ancient world, return again
And stop the hammer of the ceaseless pain
That beats upon the anvil of the brain.

Regenerate us ; let us see you move
Before our faces, sing, and pipe and love.

Vertumnus, woo Pomona in the spring,
And Ceres, quicken every deadened thing

That longs for life. God Pan, pipe to us now
And smooth the deep-ploughed wrinkles from the
brow.

Spirit of Spring ! vouchsafe to me an hour
Of such pure bliss, alone with tree and flower,

In sweet communion with the mother-heart
That beats in unison with ours ; my part

Shall be to cherish thee when thou art nigh,
The only earthly joy that cannot die.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

SEAWARD where the gulls are screaming,
Southward where the spice winds call,
Where the nymphs with loose locks streaming
Dance in nightly carnival,—

Lies an island dimly floating
On the marge of sky and sea,
And the mellow moonbeams gloating
Gild its misty tracery.

There I sail, when breezes sleeping
Smooth the star-path of the deep.
Unseen hands o'er lute-strings sweeping
Lure me up the moonbeams steep,

Till I near the shining shingle
Of that island's mystic shore,
And the songs of sirens mingle
With the breakers' sullen roar.

See! the enchantress from the meadow
 Beckons me with starry hand;
Out above the grim cliff's shadow,
 Out across the surf-lashed sand.

Crash! upon the hidden ledges
 Underneath the cold cliffs' frown,
Sinks my boat,—through tangled sedges
 Clutching mermaids drag me down.

THE BACHELOR'S SONG.

GO, circle through the ball-room's maze,
Guiding some damsel shy and callow,
And drawing down the envious gaze
Of some more fond and foolish fellow.

Go, lean upon his well-starched breast,
Oh maid escaped from mamma's clutches,
Enjoy your two-step with a zest,
Nor heed the passing elbow-touches.

Reserve your glance, O sly coquette,
For some more inexperienced sinner.
For me a smoking meal is set;
I envy none when I'm at dinner.

Dazzle the foplings, what's the odds?
I'd rather sit and sip my wine,
Defying all the amorous gods
To make my heart the slave of thine.

TRIOLETS.

I FLUNKED the exam.—
I Shall I flunk it to-morrow?
I went to a cram,
But I flunked the exam.
And the guv'nor said "D—ear me!"
With a visage of sorrow.
I flunked the exam.—
Shall I flunk it to-morrow?

THE FOREST MAIDEN.

LAND of silence, land of shadow,
Where the rippling streamlets run,
Far beyond the misty meadow
Toward the setting of the sun—

There my thoughts are ever dwelling
With the spirit of my dreams,
And my love is like the welling
Of those silent sliding streams ;

And her eyes are like the glimmer
Of the sunlight through the leaves,
When a pool reflects the shimmer
That its limpid depth receives.

Ah, would God that I were going,
As my heart has gone before,
Where those soft-voiced streams are flowing
To that forest-shaded shore.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

“FOR your pelf, not yourself, I eagerly sue,”
Said he with the frankest stupidity,
But she said, “When I wed, all my charm must
be due
To Cupid and not to cupidity.”

II.

An ancient critic in his book of rules
Says, “They who write for men must write for
fools,”
If fools be plentiful, our authors need them;
For if there were no fools, why, who would read
them?



CKMAN
DERY INC.



DEC 88

N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962

